

# THE DIAL

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## CONTENTS.

GARFIELD'S BIOGRAPHERS. <i>Wm. Henry Smith</i>	- 81
WARD'S ENGLISH POETS. <i>Horatio N. Powers</i>	- 84
LALANNE ON ETCHING. <i>James MacAllister</i>	- 86
THE SATURDAY REVIEW. <i>Alexander C. McClurg</i>	- 88
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	- 90
Symington's Life and Works of Thomas Moore.—Sheldon Amos's Political and Legal Remedies for War.—Aldrich's The Stillwater Tragedy.—Salvage.—Blackmore's Mary Anerley.—Oldboy's George Bailey.—E. M. H.'s The Octagon Club.—Hale's Crusoe in New York.	
LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS	- 94
PERSONAL MENTION	- 96
BOOKS OF THE MONTH	- 96
PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS	- 97

## THE BIOGRAPHERS OF GARFIELD.\*

America has produced many able politicians, some notably conspicuous as leaders, but few who have prepared themselves by careful and thorough training for the field of statesmanship. In this respect there is a wide difference between the public men of the United States and of Great Britain. From Pitt and Burke to Gladstone, what illustrious and scholarly men have directed and participated in the affairs of the British Government. Their influence and fame are not confined to the limits of the sea-girt isles, but are world-wide. Through them were extended and confirmed the principles of freedom, and the example of their industrious and honorable lives has elevated and dignified the character of mankind. There the tricks of the orator and the arts of the mere politician have given place to the solid achievements of

men who, masters of the principles of government, have found in the dry details of political economy, finance, commerce, methods of agriculture, corn laws, poor rates, etc., etc., employment for their best thoughts, and in the improved condition of their fellow men a sufficient reward for honorable ambition.

Here special preparation for official place has not been regarded as a necessity, or at any rate it has not been encouraged, and the professions and avenues of trade have largely engaged the time and efforts of those best qualified for the direction of public affairs. This is traceable to the excess of democracy after the overthrow of the conservatism of the school of Washington. The maxim *vox populi, vox dei*, as Von Holst finely says, was held to be a theoretical truth applicable under all circumstances, and morally strong and independent thinkers were driven from the political field. The reaction which we have seen in these later years, born of growth, education, and experience, was delayed by the domination of slavery. It would be well for politicians to make a note of the change which is gradually taking place, and to keep well in mind the fact that while pandering to the prejudices of the lower classes may give political control to demagogues for a time, genuine worth—high character and conspicuous ability—do not always go unrecognized and unrewarded in this country. While approaching the English standard, we need not expect the same aids to be extended to those who serve the state (the conditions of society are radically different), but rather look to the walks of humble life, or to the industrious middle classes, for the most virtuous leaders. And we may not forget that it is not in keeping with the genius of a republic to foster special classes, and that the necessity of earning his own bread is born with every citizen.

Mr. Calhoun thought it would be of great advantage to this country to have statesmen of

\*THE LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD. With Extracts from His Speeches. By Edmund Kirke, Author of "Among the Pines," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JAMES A. GARFIELD. By Major J. M. Bundy. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE REPUBLICAN TEXT-BOOK FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880. A Full History of General James A. Garfield's Public Life, with Other Political Information. By B. A. Hinedale, A. M., President of Hiram College. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

a philosophical turn of mind. He was himself of that character, but his usefulness was impaired by his adopting the Jeffersonian theory of States' Rights—a mistake doubtless due to his surroundings. The pertinency of this suggestion of Calhoun's has been painfully apparent for the past eighteen years, during which a vast literature on questions of finance and revenue, remarkable for its disregard of fundamental principles and the experience of other nations, has been created. For a time it threatened general ruin; but fortunately the pilot at the helm of the Ship of State was faithful, and the people, as in other great emergencies, came to distinguish between false teachers and true. This period of discussion has been of inestimable value to the Republic. It has counted more in the way of popular education than the preceding seventy years; it has broadened and strengthened the true foundations of the Nation, and opened a way to prosperity, happiness and power, such as the world has never seen, and before which the glories of ancient Greece and Rome, or even of the modern "Mistress of the Seas," will grow dim. The popular taste has changed. Having been brought face to face with stern realities, the people recognize that there are questions of business which more nearly concern their happiness and welfare than Fourth-of-July eloquence or the temporary success of parties.

Just at this juncture, when public opinion has been educated to demand a higher standard of leadership, when an administration conspicuous for its ability, its purity and adherence to the spirit of the Constitution, is about to give place to another, one of the great parties, in recognition of this change, has chosen for its standard-bearer one of the most eminent statesmen and one of the purest characters America has ever produced. An opportunity is thus afforded to test the extent of the influence of such a man, and to measure the strength of the antagonizing forces of civilization in this country.

The career of James A. Garfield is an interesting theme for the biographer. It is full of noble example and exciting incident. "Garfield," says one\* who knows him thoroughly, "Garfield is the ideal self-made man. Nobody since Dr. Franklin is so completely the work of

his own ambitious labor. Clay and Lincoln got their place by gifts direct from Heaven. But the full man, the trained man, the man equipped for achievement, in short, the man like Garfield, is made by his own perseverance and industry. What an encouragement to the ambitious young fellows of our country!"

These few sentences tell the story of a life devoted to labor, meeting with success in every thing, but with its greatest success in that field where giants contend. In his intellectual vigor, his untiring industry, his thorough preparation to discuss all questions of public interest, and his literary culture and tastes, Garfield bears a striking resemblance to Gladstone. The latter is the best product of society under a monarchical government with all of the resources that wealth and power and the culture of ages can afford; the former of free institutions in a new world in which willingness to work is the only passport required, and without extraneous aids. In so far as Garfield is of the people and possesses deeper human sympathies, is he superior to his great contemporary. "No President of the United States," says Senator Hoar, "since John Quincy Adams, began to bring to the Presidential office, when he entered upon it, anything like the experience in statesmanship of James A. Garfield." But Garfield is strong where Adams was weak. His is a rounder character. He has an admirable temper, perfect self-command, magnanimity, and a heartiness of manner without loss of dignity, that captivates and makes friends of all. Add to these natural endowments, a wide experience, a mind trained to go to the bottom of all subjects, great skill as a debater, and the reader has before him the portrait of the Saul among the statesmen of to-day.

Senator Hoar, on the occasion of the ovation he received from the citizens of Worcester, reminded his hearers that since 1864 not a question had been debated in Congress, or discussed before the great tribunal of the American people, in regard to which they would not find "the argument stated in almost every instance better than by anybody else, in some speech made in the House of Representatives or on the hustings by Mr. Garfield." But however admirable his campaign speeches, his eulogies, his literary papers, his discussions of the tariff and of the measures of reconstruction, yet the most conspicuous service he has rendered the country has been in the advocacy of sound

\* President Hayes, in a letter to the writer soon after the Chicago Convention. The characterization is so admirable I have taken the liberty to give the reader the benefit of it.

monetary laws; in resisting the clamor for extending the period of inflation; in favoring an improvement of the civil service, and in defending the President in the constitutional exercise of the veto power. His speeches on these subjects are models of compact argument, and would of themselves be sufficient to give him high position among public men of the day. He himself recognized his duty in this direction, and turned aside from more inviting topics to perform that duty. "The man who wants to serve his country," said he, "must put himself in the line of the leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, science, political economy, hard money, and honest payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of these purposes is a public benefactor."

When the administration of President Hayes was inaugurated, in 1877, the business of the country was suffering from depression incident to the uncertainty of the financial situation. Thousands of worthy people believed that it would be madness to attempt to resume specie payments January 1, 1879, and that in the failure which they believed to be inevitable the property of all, except a wealthy few, would be swallowed up by the waves of universal bankruptcy. Other thousands demanded an increase in the volume of currency and a distribution to the states having the least circulating medium per capita. Congress was demoralized, and cool-headed business men everywhere seemed to be ready to depart from the path which law, common sense and experience pointed out as the only safe and sure one. Fortunately for the country the President was equal to the emergency. Whatever the demoralization among the people or in Congress; whatever the doubts, if doubts there were, in the minds of members of his cabinet as to the advisability of attempting to carry out the Resumption Act, he himself had no doubt and he determined that there should be no faltering. He had had for years pronounced views on the finances, views that to-day are almost universally accepted as orthodox. In the House was General Garfield, leader of the Republican minority, who shared the same opinions with the President, and who, in the words of Senator Hoar, "stood with his feet on a rock, demanding and vindicating an honest policy." These two, one the Executive Head, the other in

the Legislature, influenced public opinion and shaped affairs unto the fortunate issue all have witnessed.

The speeches of Garfield during this "storm and stress" period are admirable forensic efforts, and are in harmony with views advanced by him eleven years before—a consistency, considering the extraordinary record of most American politicians on the question of finances, that well deserves to be called remarkable. In 1866, in advocating a return to solid values, and showing why it was the only royal road to prosperity, he said with prophetic emphasis: "Sooner or later such a measure must be adopted. Go on as you are now going on, and a financial crisis worse than that of 1837 will bring us to the bottom. . . . I believe that any party which commits itself to paper money will go down amid the general disaster, covered with the curses of a ruined people." Then the party with which he was allied had not the courage to meet the issue, and a few years later the crash came. Now, when the day of resumption had almost been reached, fresh alarms succeeded, which had to be quieted, and the doubts of men overwhelmed by new arguments. Referring, in his speech of 16th November, 1877, to the resolution of 1865, favoring an early return to specie payments, and to the efforts then making to embark again upon the sea of inflation, he said:

"Only twelve years have passed, and what do we find? We find a group of theorists and doctrinaires who look upon the wisdom of the fathers as foolishness. We find some who advocate what they call 'absolute money;' who declare that a piece of paper stamped a 'dollar' is a dollar; that gold and silver are a part of the barbarism of the past, which ought to be forever abandoned. We hear them declaring that the eras of prosperity are the eras of paper money. They point us to all times of inflation as periods of blessing to the people and prosperity to business; and they ask us no more to vex their ears with any allusion to the old standard, the money of the Constitution. Let the wild swarm of financial literature that has sprung into life within the last twelve years witness how widely and how far we have drifted. We have lost our old moorings, have thrown overboard our old compass; we sail by alien stars, looking not for a haven, but are afloat on a harborless sea." \* \* \* \*

"I admit that in the passage from peace to war there was a great loss to one class of the community, to the creditors; and in the return to the basis of peace some loss to debtors was inevitable. This injustice was unavoidable. The loss and gain did not fall upon the same people. The evil could not be balanced nor adjusted. The debtors of 1862-5 are



not the debtors of 1877. The most competent judges declare that the average life of private debts in the United States is not more than two years. Of course, obligations may be renewed, but the average life of private debts in this country is not more than two years. Now, we have already gone two years on the road to resumption, and the country has been adjusting itself to the new condition of things. The people have expected resumption, and have already discounted most of the hardships and sufferings incident to the change. The agony is almost over: and if we now embark again upon the open sea, we lose all that has been gained and plunge the country into the necessity of trying once more the same boisterous ocean, with all its perils and uncertainties. I speak the deepest convictions of my mind and heart when I say that, should this resumption act be repealed and no effectual substitute be put in its place, the day is not far distant when all of us, looking back on this time from the depth of the evils which are sure to result, will regret, with all our power to regret, the day when we again let loose the dangers of inflation upon the country."

This is now a part of history. The dead-point of danger was safely passed, and we are witnessing a prosperity such as was never before seen in this country.

The space allotted me does not admit of further reference to these speeches of Mr. Garfield on the business interests of the day. The reader will find in the least of them the argument vigorous and clear, and the sentiment noble and appropriate.

Although the part that Mr. Garfield took in the contest between Congress and the Executive is so recent as to be fresh in the minds of all, I venture to quote a single passage from his speech in the extra session, as further illustrating what I have said of the force and directness of his style:

"Our theory of law is free consent. That is the granite foundation of our whole superstructure. Nothing in the Republic can be law without consent—the free consent of the House; the free consent of the Senate; the free consent of the Executive, or, if he refuse it, the free consent of two-thirds of these bodies. Will any man deny that? Will any man challenge a line of the statement that free consent is the foundation rock of all our institutions? And yet the programme announced two weeks ago was that if the Senate refused to consent to the demand of the House, the government should stop. And the proposition was then, and the programme is now, that, although there is not a Senate to be coerced, there is still a third independent branch in the legislative power of the government, whose consent is to be coerced at the peril of the destruction of this government; that is, if the President, in the discharge of his duty, shall exercise his plain constitutional right to refuse his consent to this proposed legislation, the Congress will so use its voluntary powers as

to destroy the government. This is the proposition which we confront, and we denounce it as revolution."

If the reader will accept the above "introduction" in lieu of a general review of the books whose titles appear in the foot note, I promise him a speedy release. I have attempted an independent characterization rather than a comparison of the works of others, which, to do the authors justice, would require more space than *THE DIAL* offers. But it is due to "The Biographers of Garfield" to say that they have done their work well, and with an intelligent appreciation of what is required by the public in a political campaign. Necessarily only the outlines of a character can be given in a work prepared in such brief time, but if these outlines are well drawn, the writer has discharged his duty and is entitled to his meed of praise. The biographers had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Gen. Garfield, and they agree, in the main, as to his most prominent traits, though they do not give to his various labors the same relative importance in their relations to the public interests. Major Bundy has done good service in showing clearly the attitude Mr. Garfield assumed as a legislator in respect to the improvement of the Civil Service, thus happily supplementing the Letter of Acceptance. This is a vindication of that general expression of satisfaction by "Reform" Republicans and Independents, at the time of the nomination, which so amused and puzzled the "Machine" men. The former doubtless looked upon the advocacy of a reform in the Civil Service as in harmony with the whole legislative record of Gen. Garfield, and were therefore gratified that he should be the choice of a great party for the highest place in the Government.

WM. HENRY SMITH.

#### WARD'S ENGLISH POETS.\*

There is infinite satisfaction in a work like this, compact of the richest poetry and the best criticism. The aim of the compilers has been to supply an anthology which may adequately represent the vast and varied field of English poetry. It is not pretended that all the masterpieces of the poets are included, nor are the

\*THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with Critical Introductions by various writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

names of all writers who have place in the history of English poetry represented. "The design has been to collect as many of the best and most characteristic of their writings as should fairly represent the great poets, and at the same time to omit no one who is, poetically, considerable." The writings of living poets, and the drama properly so called, are not included, as this would extend the number of volumes threefold. Productions, however, like "Comus" and "The Gentle Shepherd," as well as songs from the dramatists, have not been omitted. The space allotted to the different authors has been fairly distributed, and where an author is represented by only one or two pieces these will be found invariably to be the most expressive of his genius. It is difficult to see how a better, more judicious, impartial, and characteristic selection of British poetry could be made than the one under consideration. There has certainly been brought to this delicate task an amount of knowledge, exquisite taste, and highly trained literary sagacity, that is as honorable to modern scholarship as it is admirable and instructive.

The biographical and critical introductions which preface the respective selections were written by those whose studies and sympathies specially qualified them for the several tasks assigned to them. It is not too much to say that the work in each case is a model of compact, lucid, and forceful statement, giving in the briefest compass compatible with clearness what should be stated as a fair delineation of the author's life and writings. These notices have a vivacity of style, a searching insight, a candor and independence, which mark them as first-class productions of their kind. Space does not allow us to fortify these remarks by quotations.

A notable feature of the work is the General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. To say that it is highly satisfactory does not fully express our view of it. We doubt whether there is, in equal limits, in the English language a treatise on poetry as wise, as profound, as rich in truth, as this. That Mr. Arnold is, by natural gift and mental and moral equipment, competent to do justice to his subject, needs no affirmation here. This is a field in which he is master, where he speaks as one having authority by right of his own knowledge and inspiration. He is a poet himself, of fine genius and splendid accomplishment, whose admirers

are among the most cultivated readers and lovers of English verse. He has that spiritual breadth, that clearness of vision, that powerful intellectual fibre, that intense love of beauty and truth, and that noble scorn of all hollowness and pretence, that peculiarly fit him for the most accurate, thorough, and discriminating criticism. And here, in the compass of some thirty pages, he has given his estimate of poetry—its province, uses, and destiny. As simple reading, for graceful lucidity and directness and force of style, it is entirely charming; but regarded on the higher ground of profound, comprehensive, and independent criticism, it is simply superb. This Introduction can stand as a permanent monograph of what is vital, enduring, and nourishing in poetry. Such a vindication of the divine art, such an untangling of its real elements from what is merely meretricious and pretentious in verse, is in the highest sense useful and gratifying to all who appreciate the sublime utility of the most inspiring literature. The principles set forth in this Introduction, besides their usefulness to the general reader, which is their chief aim, have a direct application to all who participate in the production or publication of verse. The fault of a good deal of American and perhaps English poetry that has appeared, even through highly respectable channels, during the last fifteen or twenty years, is its lack of matter and substance, its dependence for effects on mere verbal dexterity, its want of profound seriousness. There has grown up what may be called a "school" with these characteristics, whose verse, while commendable enough in diction and movement, is lamentably deficient in the higher qualities of poetry. It has to be confessed that this is not a poetry-reading generation. It is doubtful whether even those who keep fairly informed in current literature have much acquaintance with the English classics or any high standard in their minds of poetic excellence. Editors of prominent magazines, in catering to what has seemed to them a popular demand, have encouraged the production of a kind of decorative poetry—verse without deep sincerity, without a passion for nature, without substance and lofty motive, whose chief merit is its tasteful coloring, its portrayal of unfamiliar situations, its curious conceits and graceful movement. None of our older poets are open to these strictures, with the exception of Poe, and his

strange genius redeems somewhat his affectations and unreality. We think we see some indications that this decorative school is on the wane. Such a work as this is a good antidote to its influence. It is true that there may be real poetry which has but few of the elements that mark the highest. The danger, however, is that the lower qualities may be preferred to the higher, because they are superficially more attractive. A keen poetic sense will appreciate whatever is truly poetic of any school or age, but its admiration will be graduated according to the real merit of the production. The cultivation of this sense or faculty to its noblest capacity of discovery and enjoyment, is its own great reward. That is a poor compliment to poetry which prefers, for instance, Will Carleton's ballads to Lowell's, and Edgar Fawcett to Bryant. The great thing is to have the sense of truth and beauty so strong, the standard of excellence in our minds so correct, that while always preferring the best poetry we shall detect at once what is good from whatever quarter it comes. It is to this attainment that Matthew Arnold invites us in the study of the noble collection before us. These volumes will not be superfluous in any library, however richly furnished; while nothing can supply their place in homes of culture and refinement.

HORATIO N. POWERS.

#### LALANNE ON ETCHING.\*

No department of art has of late excited so much interest, as well among the uninitiated as among professional artists and amateurs, as etching. The present generation has witnessed a revival of this form of engraving which bids fair to reinstate it in the important place it occupied in the practice and commerce of European art two hundred years ago. In France the brilliant achievements of Flameng and his followers have won for it the recognition which the highest authority can give to art in that country: In England the efforts of Haden and Hamerton have not been without effect upon artists and public, although the country which has produced the greatest etcher since Rembrandt has not manifested that degree of enthusiasm in the subject which this fact would lead us to ex-

pect. In Germany and Italy some slight attempts at etching have recently been made, but this has been wholly due to French influence, and so far nothing worthy of the greatness to which the art attained in these countries in by-gone days has yet been attempted. In our own country a small band of enthusiasts are just beginning to call attention to the claims and advantages of the etcher's art, and we believe we are justified in saying that their first essays have already met with an intelligent appreciation which indicates the wide and far-reaching influence which etching may be made to exert in promoting the art education of the American people.

In spite of the very general interest taken in the subject, it is doubtful, however, if accurate views as to the nature of etching as a fine art are entertained to any considerable extent outside of the few who have specially devoted themselves to the study of its history, characteristics, and methods. This is owing mainly to the want of information on the processes followed in the production of an etching. Etching is generally confounded with engraving, and persons not versed in the mode by which the etcher produces his results, and in the qualities which distinguish his work from that of the engraver, are disposed to rate the etching as an inferior form of art to the engraving. Even Ruskin speaks of etching as "an indolent and blundering method at the best;" but this is one of those judgments of Mr. Ruskin's which it is not fair to take too seriously, as it is not only contradicted by the practice and opinion of many of the most eminent artists who have ever lived, but he has expressed himself on the other side in his own writings. The truth is that etching and engraving are quite different arts both in the methods employed and the mental purposes of the worker; and the question of superiority is a very simple one, provided we have clear ideas as to what constitutes artistic merit in a picture which does not depend upon color to give it effect. In both the engraving and etching the picture is the result of lines hollowed in the copper; but the line made with the needle differs widely in its intrinsic qualities and intellectual properties from that made with the burin. Mr. Haden has finely said that the comparison of the etching-needle with the engraver's tool is "the comparison of the pen with the plough." The engraver's work is

\*A TREATISE ON ETCHING. Text and Plates by Maxime Lalanne. Translated by S. R. Koehler. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.



almost entirely mechanical, and its excellence consists in the skill and patience with which the tools have been handled; whereas the etcher's work is almost wholly independent of the instrument he uses, and the value of his achievement rises correspondingly with the degree to which he has been able to ply the swiftly moving point for the free and spontaneous expression of the thoughts and feelings he is seeking to embody in pictorial form. We need to recur to the master-etcher, Rembrandt, to find the full explanation of the advantages of etching as compared with any other form of engraved work. That great artist practiced etching as an additional mode of art expression, because it afforded him as free a medium for the play of his individuality as did the style of painting he had elaborated for himself. Mr. Haden claims he can distinguish Rembrandt's line by its "originality and personality," and it is doubtless true that the artist who etches with the right motive puts quite as much of himself into the lines he traces upon the copper as he does into the colors he spreads upon the canvas. Before Rembrandt's time the artist who felt the desire of reaching a larger public than the painter's art afforded, used the burin as the means of multiplying his designs; and surely no one will undervalue the splendid work which the genius and skill of Mantegna, Durer, and Marc Antonio produced. But how different is the bold and impressive style of the Paduan master, the exquisite detail and finish of the rare old German, and the unrivalled gracefulness of Raphael's disciple, as displayed in their engraved work, compared with the power, truth and freedom manifest in the etchings of the marvellous Dutchman! In spite of the high artistic gifts of these three great engravers, it is the technical peculiarities of their work which constitute its chief attraction; while the value of Rembrandt's etchings consists in the unrestrained fullness with which the spiritual power and purpose of the man were able to make themselves evident through the medium of an art whose characteristics he so thoroughly understood. This explains why the achievements of Rembrandt were fatal to the use of line engraving as a means of rendering original thought. Henceforth the engraving was doomed to degenerate step by step, until it became a mere mechanical product, to be used in translating the painting upon which

the artist has spent the force of his genius. Rembrandt's example was final, and since his time no great painter has handled anything but the needle when tempted to try his hand upon copper.

We have ventured on these few general remarks because the work under review has filled an important office in the revival of the noble art with which the name of Rembrandt is so intimately connected. Lalanne's book appeared, to use the words of Blanc, "just in time to help regenerate the art of etching and to direct its renaissance." It is the production of one of the finest etchers of the present century. For these reasons, as well as for its clearness, its accuracy, and its charming vivacity of style, the book has become a classic and is entitled to the first rank as a treatise upon the practice of the art. It is not often that so eminent a practitioner condescends to explain with such patient minuteness all the details of the art in which he has earned distinction. M. Charles Blanc, in his letter to Lalanne on the publication of his book, says: "If there is anyone living who can write about etching, it must certainly be you, as you possess all the secrets of the art, and are versed in all its refinements, its resources, and its effects." The book shows how well bestowed is the encomium of the great critic—perhaps the highest living authority on the etcher's art. The author takes us into his fullest confidence, and step by step unfolds in the most engaging manner all the mysteries of tools, materials, preparing the plate, drawing, biting, finishing, proving, and printing. Not only this, but he stops by the way to elucidate the difficulties that arise from accidents, the auxiliary processes by which the effects of highly finished etchings are produced, the properties of the different kinds of plates and paper, and all the niceties of the art which only the consummate master understands and can interpret. We make bold to say that there is nothing which the most curious may wish to know about etching, and no point connected with its practice, which will not be found explained in this book with that clearness and simplicity of which the French are the most perfect masters.

It is but just that the fullest acknowledgments should be made of the manner in which Mr. Koehler, the translator, has performed his task. The work could not have been put into more competent hands. He is amateur

enough to be able to render with preciseness the nicest distinctions of the original; he has probably as large and critical a knowledge of the history and characteristics of etching as anyone in this country, and as the editor of the "American Art Review" he holds a position relative to the development and prosperity of the etcher's art in the United States of the very highest importance. We can conscientiously commend the manner in which he has done the work of translator and editor. He has prefixed a chapter on "The Technical Elements of Etching," which is the simplest and most satisfactory introduction to the practical side of the art we have ever read. With this as a guide, and ordinary care and application, no one need fail in acquiring such proficiency in the various processes as will serve to build upon in the more elaborate methods of the author, and gratify the fullest indulgence of whatever artistic tendencies or gifts he may possess as an etcher. In making the translation Mr. Koehler has taken the liberty of presenting the text in a somewhat different form, by breaking it up into paragraphs: a change which, although detracting from the vivacity and freshness of the original, will be found, as he remarks, to "add to the convenience of the work as a book of reference." The enterprising publishers have seconded Mr. Koehler's efforts by bringing the book out in a very creditable style. Considering the difficulty of securing good impressions of the plates in this country, they are to be congratulated upon their success, and we trust their courage in issuing a work of this character here may meet with the reward which it deserves.

We most cordially commend this work to the artist, the amateur, and the collector; to the artist, that following the inspiring leadership of Seymour Haden he may be induced to overcome his "indifference to so original, prolific, and passionate an art;" to the amateur, that it may show him what delight awaits him in paths which the greatest masters have trod; to the collector, as affording the means of acquiring an intelligent appreciation of his treasures, without which their possession is but a vulgar and empty boast. We believe that the etcher's art is destined to find a congenial home on our American shores, and that it will prove an important agent in the æsthetic culture of our people; and we are not without faith that M. Lalanne's book ap-

pears as opportunely here now as it did in France fifteen years ago.

JAMES MAC ALISTER.

#### THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Americans have little occasion to regard with any tender affection this vigorous English periodical. Its criticisms upon political or social matters in this country are rarely friendly and as rarely just. Its information in regard to our affairs is seldom full or accurate; and the most ludicrous errors of fact are often found in its solemn political articles relating to this country. It is insular and narrow, and nothing that is not both British and monarchical has much interest for it. Of course, all this deserves and receives our patriotic condemnation; and we attribute to ignorance what it would be unkind to attribute to prejudice. Having done this, however, conscience is satisfied; and we find it pleasant to enjoy its sturdy and intelligent and honest criticism of all that concerns Englishmen and the realm of England. It has a hearty and, let us admit, an English admiration for true manhood and true manliness—for, after all, this is a distinguishing characteristic of the best class of Englishmen.

A recent number strikingly illustrates this in no less than three different leading articles. One of these articles narrates a recent disturbance at University College, Oxford. A dinner had occurred in one of the students' rooms, and those present had evidently dined not wisely but too well. A lark followed which would have done credit to the pages of Lever's novels. There were probably headaches in the morning; but whether there were or not, there certainly was a horror, as yet, we believe, unnamed in this country. There was "*screwing up*." And the doors screwed up were those of the Senior Fellow! This fellow may have been an exceedingly disagreeable fellow; he may have deserved beheading, but he certainly never could have deserved screwing up. It was a sad case, and it called for stern action on the part of the Head of the College. He assembled the entire body of undergraduates in the college hall and formally dismissed them all, making an exception in favor of all such as declared their innocence. Of course, young England readily detected the shallow device for obtaining the names of the culprits, and after rejecting unanimously an offer of the



guilty ones to give themselves up, the men left in a body, and one by one dropped in unwelcome upon their respective family circles. Very soon the culprits informed on themselves, and the Head of the College was under the humiliating necessity of inviting the return of the great body of the innocent whom he had unjustly expelled after tempting them to inform upon others in order to save themselves. The way in which the "Saturday Review" arraigns the Reverend Doctor for his petulant action, and shows that it was a "confession of his incompetence to govern," is good reading; and this is followed by some admirable lessons in the proper art of educating the honor as well as the intellect of young gentlemen—a class, let us hope, quite as well worth fostering in this country as in England.

The second article narrates at length the cool and heroic action of an English sailor, Captain McClean Wait, at the time of the loss of his vessel, the steamer "American," in April last. The vessel was disabled through an accident to the propeller shaft. She was rapidly filling, and could not remain afloat more than a few hours. The boats were lowered quietly; they were put in thorough sailing order and filled with the largest possible store of provisions and water, not a pound of useless baggage, however valuable, being allowed; and after all this had been done in the most orderly way, the crew and passengers were sent into the cabin to a hearty breakfast as the best possible provision against the long uncertainties of a voyage almost in mid-ocean in open boats. The passengers were then embarked as quietly as if for a pleasure excursion. After this the captain called on his men for a last effort to save the ship. This was gallantly made, but to no avail. The crew was then ordered into the boats, and at the command of the captain, who still remained alone upon her deck, they gave three lusty cheers for the sinking ship. After this, as the "Saturday Review" says, "having done all that was possible to preserve life and save the property of the owners, and having obeyed a noble tradition as a frigate captain of the olden time might have done, the commander at last consulted his own safety, and left the 'American,' which shortly afterward sank." The whole conduct of the affair showed the highest qualities on the part of the captain. His discipline was perfect, he possessed the confidence of his men to the ut-

most degree, and his whole action showed that his own life would not for one moment have been considered worth saving at the expense of the slightest neglect of duty. Well did his name deserve embalming by the "Saturday Review" among the heroes who by simply doing their duty in the most perfect manner illustrate the highest manhood.

The third article is the most noteworthy, and is headed "Military Honor." It seems that in the course of the not too creditable Zulu war a detachment of English troops was surprised at night by the enemy. The commanding officer was killed, and the only remaining officer mounted his horse and rode off four miles for reinforcements, leaving the detachment to struggle as they might under command of a sergeant, who conducted the retreat of the greater part in safety. The sergeant was recommended for the Victoria Cross, and the officer was court-martialed. And here came the strange part of the affair. An English court-martial is composed only of officers who have had three years' service; and it is claimed that it is not merely a court of law, but a court of justice and honor. And yet the court which tried this officer, the facts not being disputed, acquitted him, holding, it is supposed, that he did not act from cowardice but in obedience to his best judgment at the time. Fortunately the action of the court came under the review of the commanding officer, and that officer was Sir Garnet Wolseley. He disapproved the finding of the court, and added this strong expression of his opinion:

"Had I released this officer without making any remarks upon the verdict in question, it would have been a tacit acknowledgment that I concurred in what appears to me a monstrous theory—namely, that a regimental officer who is the only officer present with a party of soldiers actually and seriously engaged with the enemy, can, under any pretext whatever, be justified in deserting them, and by so doing abandoning them to their fate. The more helpless the position in which an officer finds his men, the more it is his bounden duty to stay and share their fortune, whether for good or ill. It is because the British officer has always done so that he occupies the position in which he is held in the estimation of the world, and that he possesses the influence he does in the ranks of our army. The soldier has learned to feel that, come what may, he can, in the direst moment of danger, look with implicit faith to his officer, knowing that he will never desert him under any possible circumstances. It is to this faith of the British soldier in his officers that we owe most of the gallant deeds recorded in our military annals:

and it is because the verdict of this court-martial strikes at the root of this faith that I feel it necessary to mark officially my emphatic dissent from the theory upon which the verdict has been founded."

This opinion was sustained by the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, and ordered to be read at the head of every regiment in the British army. The "Saturday Review" adds:

"Our thanks are due solely to the General whose manly and soldier-like instincts were outraged alike by the conduct of the prisoner and his judges, who justly branded the verdict of the Court as 'monstrous,' refused to endorse it, and administered to its members the stinging rebuke above quoted. Never was rebuke more merited. The good name and the honor of our army are exclusively in the hands of its officers, and if this is their way of upholding them, both must disappear."

Perhaps no one of the three articles we have alluded to is very remarkable in itself, but when three such articles appear in one number of a periodical we cannot but recognize the strength and wholesomeness of its influence, and congratulate the people who have among them such an exponent of right thinking and right acting. It is a fortunate state of affairs where there are men to write thus and a public to sustain such writing; and so long as this exists England will be likely to continue to give to the world the highest types of manhood in all the various spheres of life just as she has given them in the past.

Among ourselves, commercial habits and commercial thoughts do too much to drive these higher ideas of true manliness, which means true gentlemanliness, from the mind; and it would be well if our younger men among that fortunate class which begins to be relieved from the necessity of devoting itself to money-getting, would imbibe more strongly from their English brothers this hearty admiration for manly character and manly action. We have enough and too much of imitation of English manners and English style of talk and English dress, but there are other things English that we might cultivate to advantage. It might be well to remember that lawn tennis and polo are the recreations and not the serious business of young English gentlemen; and that a man might drive the most thoroughly equipped coach, with the most thoroughly bred horses, or if fortune forbid this luxurious imitation, he might part his hair most exactly in the middle, might wear checked suits most hideous in form and color, might at-

tain the most elaborate awkwardness of attitude and walk, and might still succeed in being not the counterpart of the best young blood of England, but—only a snob.

ALEXANDER C. MCCLURG.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THOSE readers of the British poets who have even the conventional estimate of Thomas Moore, will not easily see on what principle of natural selection he has been excluded from a place in Messrs. Harper & Brothers' "English Men of Letters" series; and Mr. Symington's sketch of Moore's Life and Works, just issued in a small volume by that firm, is in the main so respectable a piece of literary work as to render more conspicuous its separation from the series to which the subject manifestly belongs. Not improbably, however, the explanation is to be sought of the editor rather than of the publishers of the volume. A Fadladeen-like remark credited to Professor Morley concerning "Lalla Rookh," that "beside poems that rank with the powers of Nature, it looks like an oriental sugar-candy temple of confectioners' work," may doubtless be taken as a hint in the direction of the search. To the lovers of Moore, it must be a comfort to note the resemblance between the Professor's rhetoric and some of the "gorgeous sentences" which, as we are informed in the poem in question, "Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions," and in which that great oriental critic has anticipated the judgment of the British Professor. "'And this,' said the Great Chamberlain, 'is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt.'" It is curious to add to the structure quoted from Professor Morley, the saying of Hazlitt concerning the fidelity and aptness of Moore's descriptions of oriental life and scenery, that to read them "was as good as riding on the back of a camel." As to his pre-eminence as a lyric poet, there is of course little disagreement. Rogers has said that Moore was born "with a rose in his lips and a nightingale singing on the top of the bed." Shelley avowed himself "proud to acknowledge his inferiority" to Moore as a song-writer; and even the author of the "Hebrew Melodies" recognized in him "a peculiarity of talent or rather talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own, and an expression in each which never was and never will be possessed by another," declaring that his lyrics were worth all the epics that ever were composed. Mr. Symington's little volume aims to present "a true picture of the poet Moore—the man, his life, and works." The life of the poet was, like his character, singularly even and placid, and but little space is needed to tell its story. Except the American journey of 1803-4, and some subsequent travels upon the continent, there is little that is eventful in his personal history. He began his literary career when but twenty-one years old, and though living to the age of seventy-two and writing occasionally all his life,

his fame rests almost wholly upon the productions of his youth. He received for his writings the sum of £30,000 (£3,000 being paid him for the manuscript of "Lalla Rookh" alone), and yet he was a spendthrift to the end of his days, and left nothing to his wife but his MS. Diary. After the poet's death, this diary was published (1852-6), under the editorial supervision of Lord John Russell, in eight volumes; and from them many entertaining and characteristic extracts are made by Mr. Symington. His own estimates of the value of Moore's work are moderate and judicious, and are generously illustrated by choice selections from the songs and poems under discussion. American poetry is complimented in the volume by the reprinting of Mr. R. H. Stoddard's fine verses on Moore, originally published in "Scribner's Monthly," and of Dr. Holmes's spirited and melodious tribute—a lyric whose music is as exquisite and haunting as that of the Irish melodist himself—read at the centenary celebration in Boston. The portrait at the beginning of the volume shows a jovial and Cupid-like face, whose owner we might well imagine capable of almost any "rogueseries," even of those so freely imputed to "Tommy" by the researches of Father Prout. With so many riches, Mr. Symington may well expect from all lovers of Moore a hearty welcome for his compact and unpretentious little volume. It is to be regretted that so neat a book should have its agreeableness lessened, in a minor way, by bad punctuation, which is at times quite irritating. Publishers who are in quest of models of styles in punctuation to adopt and to avoid, cannot do better than select Mr. Sidney Lanier's "Science of English Verse" as an example and a pattern, and Mr. Symington's Life of Thomas Moore as an example and a warning.

PEOPLE who are content with even moderate advances toward that state of grace which they believe to be the ultimate heritage of society, will find great comfort in the facts and arguments set down by Mr. Sheldon Amos in his "Political and Legal Remedies for War" (Harper & Brothers). Mr. Amos is an English barrister, recently Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London, and a writer who combines legal learning with philosophic insight and a clear and forcible method of statement. He declares there are three legitimate aims of the laws of war: to mitigate its severity, to reduce its frequency, and to pave the way to its final abolition. The latter result he believes to be not impossible, and among the influences tending toward it he mentions the disappearance of private wars and duelling, the antagonism of civilization, the logic of economic principles, and the increase of public sentiment against war. The causes of modern wars—among which the author enumerates a defective state of international morality as well as law, and large standing armies—are examined, and political and legal remedies are proposed. The author urges with great force the dangers to which large standing armies expose the peace of Europe, and says that these "mean more war, worse war, and longer war." The field army of Russia is estimated by Mr. Amos at 955,000 men,

with reserves of a million more. In Germany the peace footing is 438,881 men, the war footing 1,700,000; in France the peace footing is 704,714, the war footing 2,423,164; Austria has 480,000 men on a peace footing and 840,000 on a war footing; and Italy has 200,000 upon the former and 450,000 upon the latter basis. As Mr. Amos remarks, "these five great states of Europe at present retain, even during a period of profound peace, 2,500,000 men constantly under arms," with a reserve force under partial military discipline of between seven and eight millions more. "Thus," he adds, "as things are now, no nation, of ever so pacific a policy and considerate and just a treatment of other nations, can avoid paying a considerable part of the price of the military institutions of other nations. This is a fact to which peaceably disposed nations cannot but become increasingly awake; and as the number of such nations grows, a public opinion must gradually be formed throughout Europe thoroughly averse to enormous military preparations in times of peace. And the advent of liberal political institutions in states now overawed by an omnipotent authority must favor the conversion of this opinion into practicable action." The prime difficulty would appear to be the prevalence of distrust among nations; and hence a practical remedy can only be found in some plan of international arbitration and co-operation. Since public opinion is often, in questions of war, a more powerful factor than the government itself, it follows that the reform movement must include or be preceded by an advancement in human nature and human society. The main hope, as well stated by the author, of "maintaining among the people a balance of mind and moral self-restraint is to be found in such a popular training as shall bring the brutal passions of an associated crowd under exactly the same chronic discipline as the civilized individual man, not to say the Christian, has long learned to exercise in the culture of his own spirit." \* \* The disuse of private wars, of trial by battle, and of duelling, has marked the gradual and more overt steps of this great moral achievement. It is only in the relations between nation and nation that it is still believed that brutality, passionateness, cruelty and selfishness may not only run riot to the uttermost, but may legitimately begin to riot on the very slightest provocation. It is impossible for any believer in the progress of the human race \* \* to admit that war represents more than one transient spasm, be it of hard necessity or still untamed passion, which the world will in no long time have outgrown, and, except for purposes of wholesome reminder, have forgotten." Toward such "a consummation devoutly to be wished," Mr. Amos's book must prove one of the most helpful and efficient of its class of agencies.

MR. ALDRICH's "Stillwater Tragedy," completed in the "Atlantic" for September, and just issued in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the freshest and in many respects the most inviting of the novels of the month. It is of course much more impressive and satisfactory in a volume than in installments—though the mystery with which the



story opens, and which is cleared up only in the last chapter, has doubtless sufficed with most readers to preserve the thread of interest in spite of the monthly gaps. That this mystery is solved at the last in a manner to surprise completely the reader who, since the second or third number, has been felicitating himself on his acuteness in seeing through it all, is sufficient proof of the skill and ingenuity with which the story has been constructed. It is not Torrizi, the Italian workman with whom Richard had the personal encounter in the marble-yard, that murdered old Shackford and contrived so skillfully to throw suspicion upon his own enemy and the dead man's nephew—thus serving at once the double purpose of plunder and revenge—but the Irish Durgin, a character kept comparatively in the background, but yet in whose sullen and cunning disposition we can at once discern, when suspicions are aroused, capacity for the dreadful and complex crime. A good part of the success of the story is no doubt due to the individuality of a few leading characters, and the distinct and definite impression which they make upon us. Mr. Aldrich does not fritter the attention of the reader upon remote incidents or irrelevant characters, but keeps constantly prominent all that is essential to the meaning and development of his story. He is a writer who makes the most of his material. Within the narrow environment of a New England manufacturing town, he has, by constantly shifting scenes and broadly contrasted situations, invested the progress of his drama with a varied and unflagging interest. As a study of character or of types, the story is without special significance. The manufacturing village in which the scenes are laid might as well have been located in Pennsylvania or Indiana as in New England, so far as local traits or characteristics are concerned. Richard Shackford is a manly, courageous, clear-headed young fellow, without much sentiment, except as connected with Margaret Slocum, his cousin; "Old Shackford" is a flinty and hopeless curmudgeon, of a sort common enough, we take it, in most good-sized communities; Margaret is a lovable and ingenuous girl, who shows her good faith and good sense by believing in Richard in spite of the evidence against him; and the innumerable Irish, English, German and Italian workmen, who figure in the story as employes in Slocum's marble-yard and members of the Marble Workers' Association, make up material as uncharacteristic and heterogeneous as the treatment of it must be unpoetical. The relations of these workmen to their employers and the strikes and other difficulties between them, form a prominent part of the story; and so far as a "study" has been attempted by Mr. Aldrich, the subject of it is apparently the old and reliable "labor question." Though not pursued in the energetic fashion adopted by Mr. Charles Reade for a similar exploit in fiction, the lessons are evidently meant to be much the same: that workmen are often pig-headed and unreasonable, trade-unions arbitrary and short-sighted, and strikes suicidal to those inaugurating them. While Mr. Aldrich has probably not exhausted the subject beyond the possibilities of future writers, the

experiment and experiences of his New England marble-yard are instructive, and he is to be congratulated on having made from them, with the aid of other and more romantic material, so capital a story.

THE latest addition to the circle of the "great unknown" who stealthily furnish Roberts Brothers with MSS. by which to continue their very successful "No Name" series of fiction, comes with a volume bearing for its title the one word, "Salvage." The title derives its significance from the fact that about all that is worth saving of the two leading characters of the story, material or spiritual, is saved as the salvage of a wrecked ocean vessel. These two characters are a wife and husband—estranged for years when the story opens, meeting by accident as passengers on a steamer from Liverpool to America, and finding their feelings toward each other undergoing a decided "sea-change" by the perils which they share together. To depict these perils with the reality of personal experience—to describe the wreck of an ocean steamer, with all the horror and suspense and agonizing incident attending such a tragedy—has evidently been the main purpose of the writer. The meagre outline of a story has been contrived as a frame in which to set the picture, and by contrast to relieve its sombreness. The author has not described a shipwreck as an incident of a story, but rather fitted a story into the account of a shipwreck. Thus it is not surprising that as a novel "Salvage" should have many shortcomings. The characters sometimes talk as if trying to give a synopsis of the argument of the story; and the incidents are handled in a loose and irresponsible way which is liable to prove little less than distressing to a lover of artistic work in fiction. Colonel Wolcott, as the story opens, is leaving London for America to see his wife and arrange for a separation and settle the future of their child—a boy eight years old, of whose existence he has just chanced to learn, thus occasioning a timely pretext for his journey—when he most opportunely meets and recognizes his wife in a railway carriage, accompanies her to Liverpool, and engages passage on the same steamer; another passenger conveniently giving up his berth at the last moment to enable him to go. The wife, however, most unreasonably fails to recognize her own husband, even after talking with him in the railway carriage, until the author is entirely ready for this episode; telegrams are unaccountably delayed and mislaid; and, in general, events accommodate themselves to the requirements of the story with a facility and disregard of motive that threaten to become debilitating to the reader. Everyone whom it is desirable should figure in the story happens somehow to be on board this ill-fated steamer; and if the vessel had not been conveniently wrecked, and the author thus found opportunity to lose a number of the characters in the sea, it must have been a puzzle to know what to do with them all. Among the passengers is the Colonel's young love, now the rich widow Tontine, who attempts a desperate flirtation with him on shipboard, and by her vulgarity breaks the force of her own enchantment just in season to

enable him to fall in love, for the first time, with his own wife; and even a colored servant and a trained dog, who were the companions of the Colonel's boyhood, are conveniently on board the doomed vessel, to do efficient and novel service in the final desperate rescue. The description of this rescue, and of the dreadful scenes preceding it, is so thrilling and so intense in its realism that we quite lose sight of the minor and petty incidents of the story, and are concerned only with the fate of the imperilled vessel and her people. These chapters, which comprise the major portion of the work, are written with rare power and possess an absorbing interest. It is a sufficient compliment to the author of "Salvage" to say that the book is enough to make one almost vow never to go to sea. For spirited and vivid portrayal of the horrors of shipwreck, it is in prose what Byron's description in "Don Juan" is in poetry.

THE Yorkshire tale of "Mary Anerley," by R. D. Blackmore, known best to lovers of fiction by his "Lorna Doone," is a novel in an altogether different meaning of the word than when applied to the light and ephemeral fiction of the day. When we compare it, not unfavorably, with "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" and the best of the sturdy novels of English country life, its approximate place in fiction will be inferred by those who have not yet had the enjoyment of its perusal. As a good old-fashioned novel, with plenty of substance and a robust and vital organism, it is among the best that have been published for many a day. The plot is ample and exciting, and the characters have a healthy human interest which can only be infused by the masters of this form of creative art. Color is abundant, but it is laid on with that deftness of touch and accuracy of artistic sense that imitates but never exaggerates nature. The scenes of the story are laid among the country farmers and gentry and fishermen and smugglers of the wild and rough North Riding coast. There is adventure and excitement and mystery and tragedy and love-making and plotting, and fighting by land and sea, and a deep and unfaltering interest in it all, which comprehends not the incident only but the characters as well. The most striking of these, next to Mary Anerley, is Lieutenant Carroway; though Robin Lyth the smuggler, Mr. Jellicoise the lawyer, Farmer Anerley, and several others, are strong and original characterizations. There is a fascination in the history and fortunes of the Yordas family of Scargate Hall—a violent and stormy race, of the youngest and last of whom the servants said, even in his infancy, "Naa, ye dahn't knaw t' yoong maaster; he's that fratchy and auld-farrand he mun gau's own gaat, if ye wean't chawk him." The book abounds in graphic and stirring descriptions; and the account of Nelson's desperate sea-fight with the French and Spanish ships off Flamborough Head—in which Robin Lyth the smuggler captain, now Lieutenant Blyth of the royal navy, bore a conspicuous part—is something wonderful in its way. We are glad that so admirable a work as "Mary Anerley" has been brought out in the attractive and tasteful form which Harper & Brothers have given it.

OF "George Bailey, a Tale of New York Mercantile Life," it is not worth while to say much more than that it is brought out by Harper & Brothers in the same dainty cover and the same general form as "Mary Anerley;" but there the resemblance abruptly and rather painfully ends. It is improbable and inconsistent in incident, the characters are wooden and uninteresting, and there is a flavor of ruffianism in some of the scenes which taints the style of the writer with coarseness. Many of the chapters read as if written for the reporter's columns of a daily newspaper. As a sample of the puerilities of the story, we will quote a single passage from a scene in which George Bailey—an inmate of a New York State Prison, where he has been unjustly sent under circumstances which are senselessly improbable—talks in this fashion to the warden: "When the inspector comes here again I shall demand an investigation, and I shall show forth your negligence and your inhumanity. If you imprison me, you cannot cover the facts, for they are in the hands of my friend, who is the editor of a weekly paper." The author gravely adds, "At the word editor the warden grew pale." He revived, however, and treated his prisoner worse than ever.

THE "Character-Study" which E. M. H. has attempted in "The Octagon Club" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is so interrupted by aimless and trivial incidents and by heavy philosophical discussions, that the lesson of the study necessarily becomes somewhat unimpressive. The lesson is, we infer, summed up in Goethe's phrase of the "Eternal-Womanly" with which the philosophic members of the "Octagon Club" inscribe the long-vacant side of their silver column. It is difficult to see the relevancy of much of the story to the development of this ultimate quality in the character of the heroine, or subject of the study, Marjery Llewellyn; nor are her relations with the "Octagon Club" and its philosophy very well defined. The introduction of Hugh Ingham into the story, involving him in a love affair with Marjery merely for the influence of such an "experience" in the development of her character, after which poor Hugh is utterly abolished from the book as though he and his development were matters of no concern whatever, will doubtless appear to the admirers of that young man a proceeding little short of wantonness. It might have been more just and merciful to reform him by eliminating the "h" from his final name, allowing him then to remain in some subordinate capacity and see the thing through. The management of the story after Marjery goes to Germany is more consistent and pleasing; and the dialogues of the members of the "Octagon Club" at their German reunion, though independent of any apparent purpose of the story, are full of thought and often profoundly interesting. Indeed, it is more as a study in philosophy than in character that "The Octagon Club" is significant; though many readers whose tastes will reject the philosophical speculations, will doubtless follow the fortunes and experiences of Marjery with a lively interest.

IN MAKING up a list of the best American short-story writers, few could dispute the title of the Rev. E. E. Hale to occupy a place among the most purely native and original of them all. This judgment is confirmed by his latest volume, containing a collection of short stories, eight in number, with the title "Crusoe in New York, and Other Tales," published by Roberts Brothers. The first of the series is perhaps the most unique and characteristic—the most Hale-like—of the lot. The conception is a singularly novel one. A young carpenter in New York city, sent to enclose a large vacant lot with a high board fence, takes a fancy to build a cottage inside and live there; and this plan he carries out, occupying his snug little enclosure with as much security and isolation as his namesake upon his island for a period of twelve years. The details of the story are capitally worked up, the apparently fatal improbabilities which it involves being overcome or avoided with the greatest skill. The imitation of the method and of many familiar incidents of the story of the original Crusoe—such as the carpenter's consternation at finding one morning the print of a human foot in his melon-patch—and the more subtle imitation of Defoe's clear and simple style, is wonderfully clever. Of the other stories in the volume, "Nicorette and Aucassin" and "Max Keesler's Horse-Car" are perhaps the best. "A Civil Servant" is an amusing political satire, and "The Modern Psyche" is commended to all over-inquisitive people. "Alif-Laila" will be specially appreciated by everyone connected with the literary guild, and is evidently born of Mr. Hale's magazine experience.

#### LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

THE "Undiscovered Country" has reached its twentieth thousand, and "An Earnest Trifler" its twenty-fifth thousand.

"GRAY Heads on Green Shoulders" is the title of a novel by Jennie Eggleston Zimmerman, soon to be issued by Henry A. Sumner & Co.

A PAPER by Mr. W. Fraser Rae, on "John Winthrop, the Father of Massachusetts," appears in the September number of "Good Words."

DUNTZEN's "Life of Goethe," translated by Mary Stuart Smith, is announced by Estes & Lauriat. The book will have sixty-four illustrations.

"SUB-ROSA" is the suggestive title of a "society novel" written by a Washington newspaper correspondent, and to be issued by Carleton.

THE third volume of Von Holst's great work on "The Constitutional History of the United States" is expected to be issued by Callaghan & Co. next winter.

A VOLUME of new selections from the writings of Charles Kingsley, with the title "Out of the Deepes; Words for the Sorrowful," will be published shortly by Macmillan & Co.

THE "Library Journal," whose suspension was announced in the last number of THE DIAL, has been revived under some provisional arrangement, with an encouraging prospect of permanency.

THE "Trials of Raissa" is the title of Henry Greville's new novel, soon to be issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros. It is a story of Russian life and love; a vein of fiction in which no writer can surpass Henry Greville.

THE article on "Thomas Paine and the French Revolution," by Hon. E. B. Washburne, in the September "Scribner," tells the interesting story of Paine's career in France from material collected by Mr. Washburne during his residence in Paris.

ONE of the most alluring of the recent announcements of Henry Holt & Co. is that of "The Mudfog Papers," a new volume of sketches by Charles Dickens, material for which has been discovered by Mr. Bentley. Messrs. Holt & Co. have a special arrangement for printing the volume here, and will include it in their "Leisure-hour series."

THE success of Mr. Robert Grant's "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," which has been a surprise even to the publishers of the book, is said to be due to its peculiar charm for young lovers and sweethearts, who eagerly buy it to present to each other. As this class is a pretty numerous one in this country, the book has become one of the rare successes of the year.

THE new political novel of Judge Tourgee is nearly ready, and "Bricks without Straw" is to be its name. It is said to be a stronger and more popular work than "A Fool's Errand"; and if everyone who read the latter work chooses to institute a personal comparison, the publishers would doubtless be well satisfied. "A Fool's Errand" continues to be the most selling book of the year.

THE new publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. include, besides Mr. Aldrich's "Stillwater Tragedy," noticed in this issue of THE DIAL, another contribution to the history of the Bodley family with the title "Mr. Bodley Abroad"; also their new "Globe edition" of Hawthorne's works, in six volumes with twenty-four fine illustrations, to be sold only in sets at the low price of ten dollars.

EIGHTEEN thousand dollars is the amount paid by Roberts Brothers to Jean Ingelow as the copyright on her poems during the seventeen years in which, with her approval, the firm have been the American publishers of her poems. As the obligation to pay this money was only a moral one, it would certainly seem that the moral right of the firm named to publish the American edition of Miss Ingelow's books should be unquestioned.

AMONG the books announced for immediate publication by Charles Scribner's Sons is the "Observations Concerning the Scripture Economy of the Trinity and Covenant of Redemption," by Jonathan Edwards; and this is to be followed, possibly in the way of antidote or enlivenment, by Mr. George W. Cable's brilliant story of Creole life, reprinted from the "Monthly," entitled "The Grandissimes." The "Rise of the Macedonian Empire," a new volume in the "Epochs of Ancient History," by A. M. Curtels, M.A., is among the more substantial works announced by the same firm.

THE burning of Prof. Mommsen's library, at Charlottenberg, near Berlin, is an event to fill the reading



world with sorrow. The library contained 40,000 volumes; but the number conveys no notion of their literary value. A few of the most valuable manuscripts were rescued from the flames—among them the ninth, tenth and eleventh volumes of the collection of Latin inscriptions found in the Italian Peninsula. The inscriptions of Sicily, Sardinia, Elba, and other Italian islands, were saved in part, but seriously damaged. The fate of the African inscriptions is still unknown. The Helvetic inscriptions and four most valuable codex of Gothic History lent Prof. Mommsen by the libraries of Berlin, Vienna, Breslau, and Heidelberg, were destroyed. In a note to Prof. Nettleship, of Oxford, Prof. Mommsen says: "My own collections of thirty years' standing to me can never be replaced. Still, I am thankful for the preservation of the materials prepared for our great epigraphical work. They have been heavily damaged, and the restitution will cost much labor already got over and now to be repeated; but I hope and trust still to be able to finish that part of the *corpus* which has been confided to my care, and of which I thought to have written the last page the very night of the disaster."

In an article in the "United Service Magazine" for September, the Hon. I. N. Arnold, whose *Life of Benedict Arnold*, published last year, has been the occasion of no little controversy among historians, pretty conclusively settles the question of Gen. Arnold's patriotic services in the Saratoga battle of Sept. 19, 1777, which has been the main point in dispute. Since Mr. Arnold's book was published, the historian Bancroft has re-affirmed his statement that Gen. Arnold was not present on the battle-field that day; and this position is supported by Mr. John Austin Stevens in a lengthy article in the "Magazine of American History" of a recent date. The reply of Mr. Arnold in the "United Service Magazine" presents extracts from newly-discovered letters of three eye-witnesses of the battle in question—Capt. Thomas Wakefield, Samuel Poppleton, and the Rev. Dr. Hezekiah Smith,—all of whom are explicit in their accounts of Arnold as leader and hero on that battle-field. Their testimony is reinforced by a passage recently brought to light in the memoirs of Gen. William Hull, and by the statements of some Hessian officers, recently translated from German accounts of the battle, all of which confirm the declarations of the three witnesses named. This concurrent testimony from different and varied sources would seem to close the case so far as concerns the question of Gen. Arnold's participation in the battle named. The progress of the controversy, and its final settlement by the chance discovery of conclusive testimony, is a striking and instructive illustration of the difficulty of correcting any notions, however erroneous, which have once come to be accepted as history.

In a notice of Mr. Sidney Lanier's "Science of English Verse," in *THE DIAL* for July, there was incidentally raised a very curious question, which becomes more interesting the more it is examined. The question concerns the capacity of deaf persons

to appreciate poetry. Of Mr. Lanier's very original and striking theories of verse-effects, *THE DIAL* article said: "Their key-note may be given in the simple statement that phenomena of verse are wholly phenomena of sound. Independently of the pleasure afforded by the sentiment of a poem, with which Mr. Lanier's treatise has nothing to do, the pleasure which it gives as verse is thus clearly referable to the effect upon the ear produced by its rhythm and melody, and by its rhyme and other minor elements which Mr. Lanier groups under the head of 'tone-color.' To hear verse correctly read aloud, or, what is the same thing, if read silently by the eye, to imagine how it will sound when correctly read aloud, must therefore be the only means of determining its poetic value. It would follow that without the sense of hearing, poetry as well as sound could not exist; and hence men always deaf must be absolutely devoid of poetic sensibility—a point which we are unable to find touched upon in the present treatise." Since the above was published, a letter from Mr. Lanier to the editor of *THE DIAL*, not written for publication, but from which, at our request, we are kindly permitted to quote, thus clearly and forcibly outlines his theories upon the subject: "I think there can be no doubt whatever that nearly all the phenomena of verse would necessarily be wholly inappreciable by a person always deaf. In determining such a question, the four possible sound-relations enable us to arrive at very clear results. For example, it is manifest that a person always deaf could not conceive differences in the (1) Intensity, or in the (2) Pitch, or in the (3) Tone-color, of sounds, any more than a person always blind could conceive differences of a corresponding nature in colors. This being so, all those verse-effects which are referable to Intensity, Pitch, and Tone-color—namely, (1) the higher orders of rhythm, (2) tune, and (3) rhyme, alliteration, and the like—would seem to be *ultra vires* here. The other sound-relation—Length, or Duration—might be approximately conveyed to a deaf person through parallel conceptions of sight: the person might, for instance, be taught to associate definite portions of time with each *printed word* in a poem, by beating the actual rhythmic movement with a finger or baton before his eyes, appropriating a definite beat to each syllable and conveying to him that he is to *see* (rather than to hear) *that* syllable during *that* beat, and so on. Thus conceptions of 'primary rhythm' might be impressed upon him through the sense of *sight*. I believe I have somewhere mentioned in the 'Science of English Verse' that we can receive rhythmic impressions through any of the senses. This subject is quite analogous to the conception of a complex painting by a man always blind. He could obtain some primary ideas of the *forms* in the painting; but of the different hues, the lights and shades, the values, the effects of related colors, he could not by any possibility have the least conception, in the absence of that sense which is the prime originator, or at least channel, of such ideas." There would seem to be no good ground of objection to Mr. Lanier's theories as here presented; and with a view of determining how far his

philosophic inferences are confirmed by fact, a letter was addressed to the superintendent of a prominent institution for the deaf and dumb asking for his experience and observation upon the point in question. The reply asserts the insensibility of the deaf to the influence of rhyme, and adds: "But the movement of poetic measure touches somehow a responsive chord in their natures, so that they do enjoy something of metre and accent, or stress and cadence." These qualities of verse are in general included in the term "rhythmic impressions," which it will be noticed Mr. Lanier has suggested may be received through any of the senses; and it is not improbable that the deaf, whose insensibility to sound is accompanied by an almost preternatural exquisiteness of other sensibilities, may derive enjoyment from poetry through some subtle psychologic and sensuous process impossible to those possessing hearing. The experience of others familiar with the mental traits and characteristics of the deaf would add value to this very interesting inquiry.

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

MR. TENNYSON has reached his seventy-first birthday.

GEORGE ELIOT, it is stated, will write no more novels.

BRET HARTE will try his hand upon a novel of Devonshire life in England.

MISS KATE A. SANBORN has been appointed Professor of English Literature in Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

EDWARD EGGLESTON is ransacking the libraries and bookstalls of London and Paris for material for his "History of Life in America."

W. H. G. KINGSTON, who died in London on the 5th of August, at the age of sixty-seven, will be remembered, by boys especially, for his sea-stories, which became so popular as to earn for him the title of "the modern Maryatt." The most conspicuous among them are "The Three Midshipmen," "The Three Lieutenants," "The Three Commanders," and "The Three Admirals." His industry was extraordinary; and in the quarter of a century which he devoted exclusively to literature he produced one hundred and thirty volumes.

"E. H. ARR," whose initials are but thinly disguised on the title-page of "New England By-gones," is the wife of Hon. E. A. Rollins, formerly Commissioner of Internal Revenue, afterwards President of the National Life Insurance Company, and now President of the Centennial Bank of Philadelphia. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rollins are natives of New Hampshire, where her father, the late Josiah H. Hobbs, was for many years a prominent lawyer. It has been said that there was a cousinship between her and "Gail Hamilton," but this is an error, though the two were classmates for some years at Ipswich, Mass., and had always been intimate friends. Some of Mrs. Rollins's early writings were for Dr. Bailey's "National Era" in the time of its golden age; and during and immediately after the war she wrote a series of letters on current events at

Washington for the "Springfield Republican," which were very favorably received, as also were some letters from abroad to the Boston "Advertiser" about five years ago. The "By-gones," with its singularly felicitous title and its pretty cover illuminated by the old well with the "grin-stone" standing near, and the little boy looking dreamily down over the curb and possibly thinking of the children's riddle,

"Round as a hoop, deep as a cup,  
All the King's oxen can't draw it up,"

is Mrs. Rollins's first venture in the book form; but these pictures of the old pastoral—we had almost said pasture-al—life in New England have received a welcome that will hardly permit the artist to retire without giving us more sketches from the same field.

#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of August by MESSRS. JANSEN, McCLURG & Co., Chicago.]

##### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

**Outlines of the History of France.** From the earliest times to the outbreak of the revolution. An abridgement of M. Guizot's Popular History of France. By Gustave Masson, B. A. 8vo., pp. 613. Estes & Lauriat. \$2.75.

**The Republican Text-Book for the Campaign of 1880.** A Full History of Gen. James A. Garfield's Public Life, with other Political Information. By B. A. Hinsdale, A. M., President of Hiram College. 8vo., pp. 216. Paper. D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.

**The Life of Gen. James A. Garfield.** By T. M. Bundy. 18mo., pp. 229. Portrait and Illustrations. Paper. A. S. Barnes & Co. 50 cents.

**Life of James A. Garfield.** With extracts from his speeches. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. "Harper's Franklin Square Library." 20 cents.

**Thomas Moore: His Life and Works.** By A. T. Symington, F. R. S. N. A. 16mo., pp. 255. Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

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**The Vicar of Morwenstow.** A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M. A. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A. Second Edition. 12mo., pp. 312. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.75.

**Short Life of Gladstone.** By C. H. Jones. Paper. "Appleton's Handy Volume Series." 35 cents.

##### ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

**Chinese Buddhism.** Sketches, Historical, Descriptive and Critical. By Rev. Joseph Edkins, D. D. 8vo., pp. 438. "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.50.

"Dr. Edkins' long residence in China, and his thorough study of all the historical features of religion in China, render him peculiarly competent to discuss Chinese Buddhism." *Publisher's Notice.*

**Half a Century.** By Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm. 12mo., pp. 263. Second improved edition. Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

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**Modern Greece.** Two Lectures delivered before The Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, with Papers on the Progress of Greece and Byron in Greece. By R. C. Jebb, LL.D., Edinburgh. 12mo., pp. 183. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. \$1.25.

**Life: A Book for Young Men.** By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Tenth edition. 16mo., pp. 298. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.25.

**My College Days.** By Robert Tones. 16mo., pp. 211. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

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**Livy.** By Rev. W. W. Capes, M.A. "Classical Writers," edited by T. R. Green. 16mo. D. Appleton & Co. 60 cts.

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**The Obelisk and Freemasonry.** According to the Discoveries of Belzoni and Commander Goringe; also, Egyptian Symbols Compared with those Discovered in American Mounds. By John A. Weissee, M.D. 8vo., pp. 178. Illustrated. J. W. Bouton. \$2.00.

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**Salvage.** "No-Name Series." 16mo., pp. 293. Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

**Troublesome Daughters.** By L. B. Walford. 16mo., pp. 536. "Leisure-Hour Series." H. Holt & Co. \$1.00.

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**The Octagon Club.** A Character Study. By E. M. H. Paper, pp. 284. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

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**Life of James A. Garfield.** By Edmund Kirke. 20 cents.

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